

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# DESTINATION MOON



JOY STREET-LITTLE, BROWN

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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# DESTINATION MOON



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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper  
and Michael Turner

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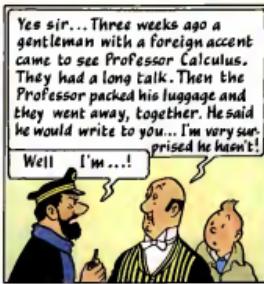
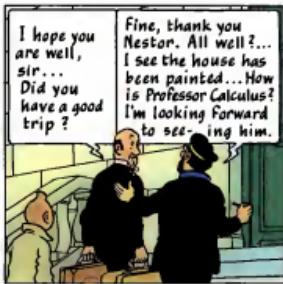
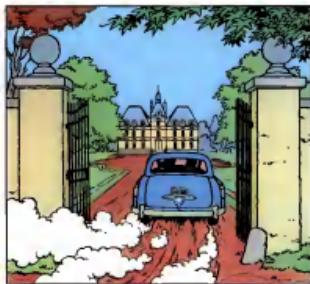
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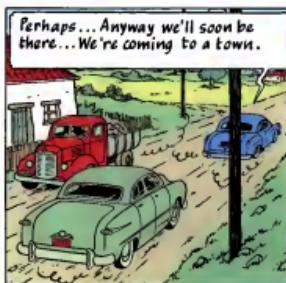
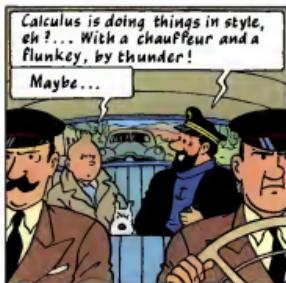
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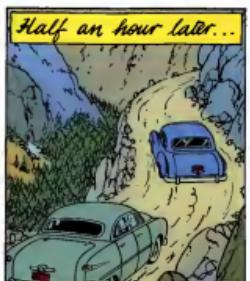
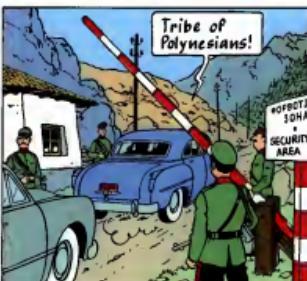
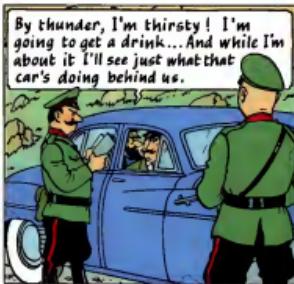
# DESTINATION MOON



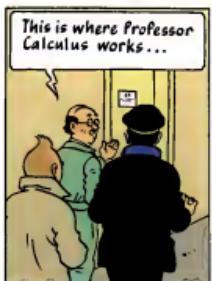
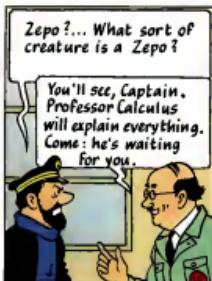
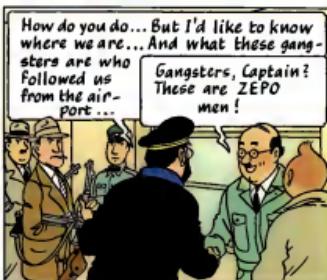
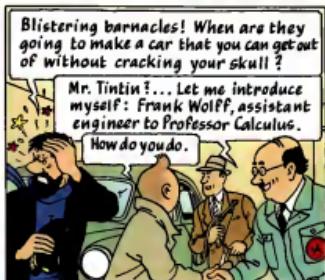


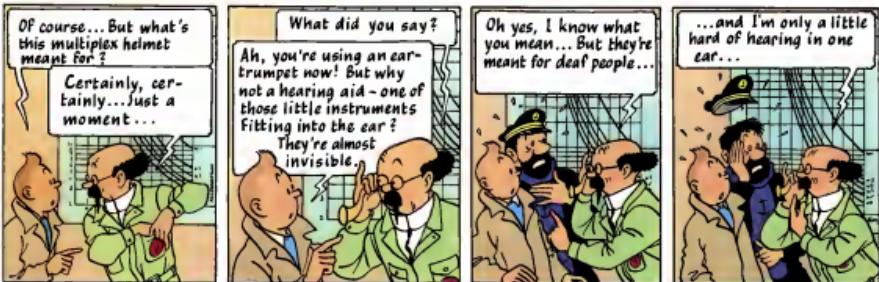


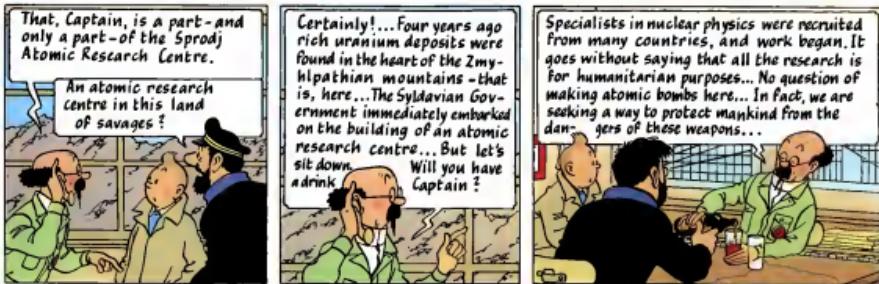
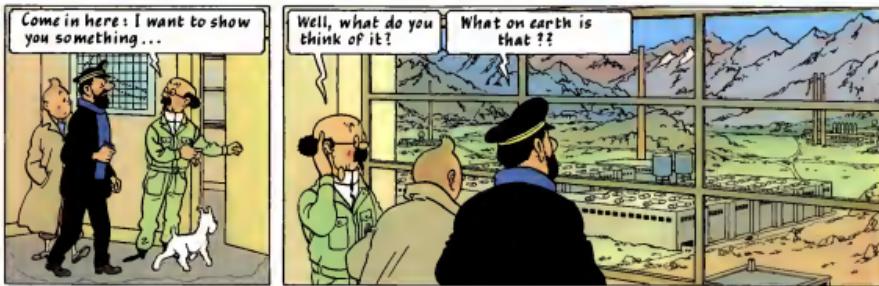


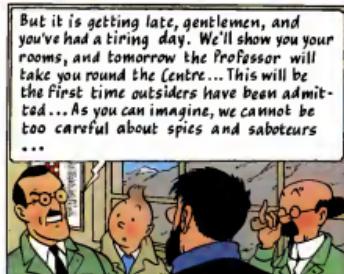
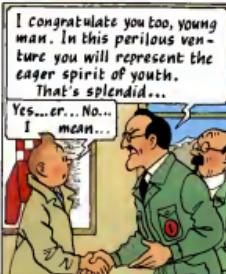
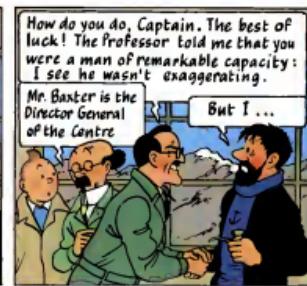
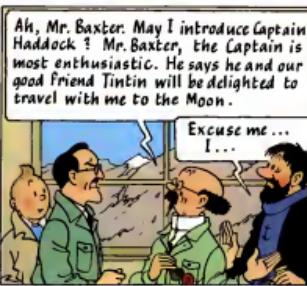
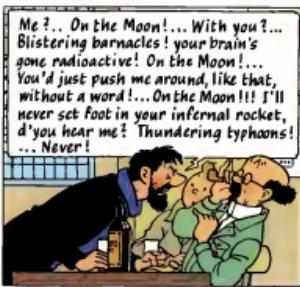


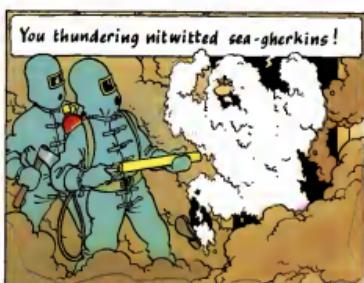
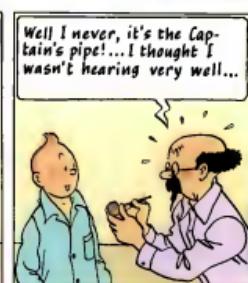
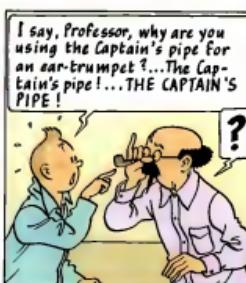


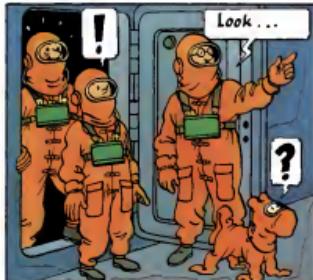


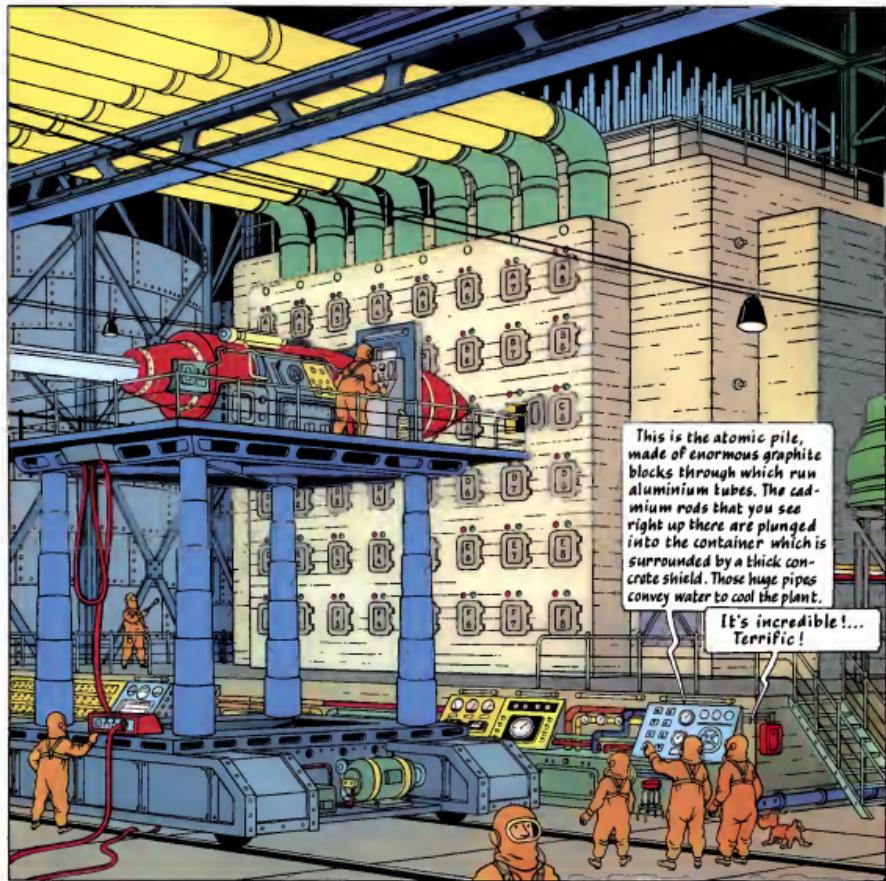


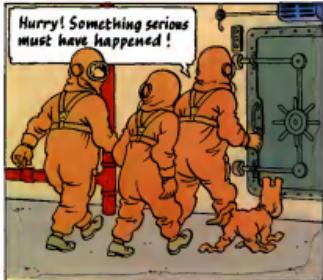
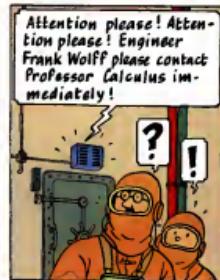
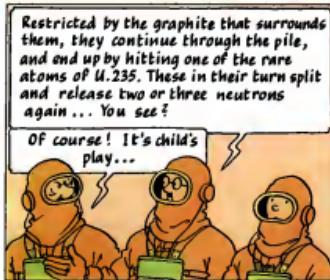
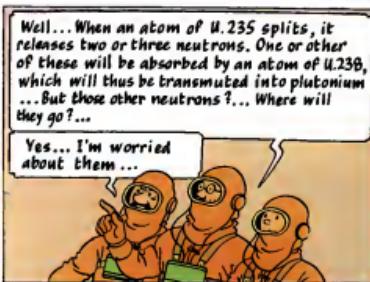
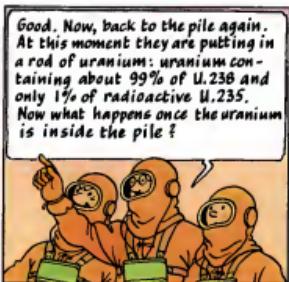












We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreens!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



I...Why, so they are... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



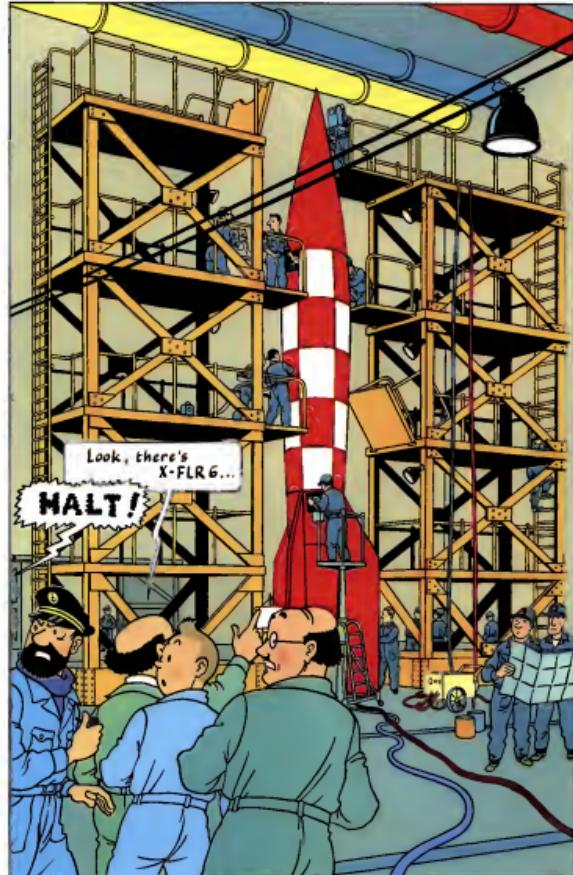
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...



...and take photographs of the other side—the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...

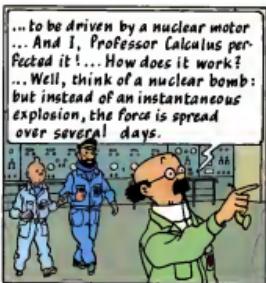


...X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...





You may say that X-FLR 6 is no different from other rockets already launched... But my reply to that is: our rocket's unique because it's the first ...



... would be a frightful hazard at the launch-ing and landing sites... You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nu-clear fission would melt the motor itself!  
No! Because I have invented a new substance, calculon. It has a silicon base, and can re-sist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calculon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.



Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Spradj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.



Spradj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F.R... receive... lost... course... please... our... posis...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



Control calling!... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!



BOOM BOOM BOOM  
Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



MIAAUUUUUU  
That's an unexploded shell coming down!



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



*Next morning...*

Attention please! All personnel in category A please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement.

"Category A"?... That's us!

Yes, Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?

... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLRG team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.

You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry...

Don't mention it!

Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.

A few minutes later

... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean ...

Silence!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.



This is it!... Sensational appearance of the Thomson twins!

So the game's up, eh, my friends?... You can start by explaining this get-up...

Get-up? You call Sylavian costumes a get-up? ... Your own national dress?



Sylavian national dress? That?... This is no laughing matter... You know as well as I do those are Greek costumes.



Greek costumes?... But we certainly asked the costumier for Sylavian ones...

I told you he didn't seem very bright.



Anyway, that is quite unimportant... What chiefly interests me is why you were parachuted here...

Us... parachuted? ... We weren't parachuted!



Excuse me, Mr. Baxter, but there must be some mistake... I know these gentlemen. Far from being spies - they are police officers, and above suspicion. I can vouch for them.

Tintin! Him! Policemen! Them?...



Yes, us!... On a special mission. Our government sent us to protect our countrymen.

So it was you I was told about. But in that case you should have some papers...



Papers?... Yes, of course we had papers. But they were stolen on the train!

You can believe them Mr. Baxter. I'm sure they're telling the truth.



Hello, Control! ... Baxter here ... The two men you arrested are not the parachutists ... Continue the search.



You're free now, gentlemen. Please excuse our mistake.

It's nothing. Just one of the risks of our job!



Now to get back to X-FLR 6. I'd like to say a few words... The trial rocket will soon be ready. I'm sure that's where the spies will concentrate their efforts. So please be especially alert...



If it were possible, Mr. Baxter, I'd very much like permission to leave the Centre for a few days - to make a trip into the mountains. I feel I'd like to stretch my legs.



But of course!... I quite understand your wanting to have a little relaxation.

A few hours later...

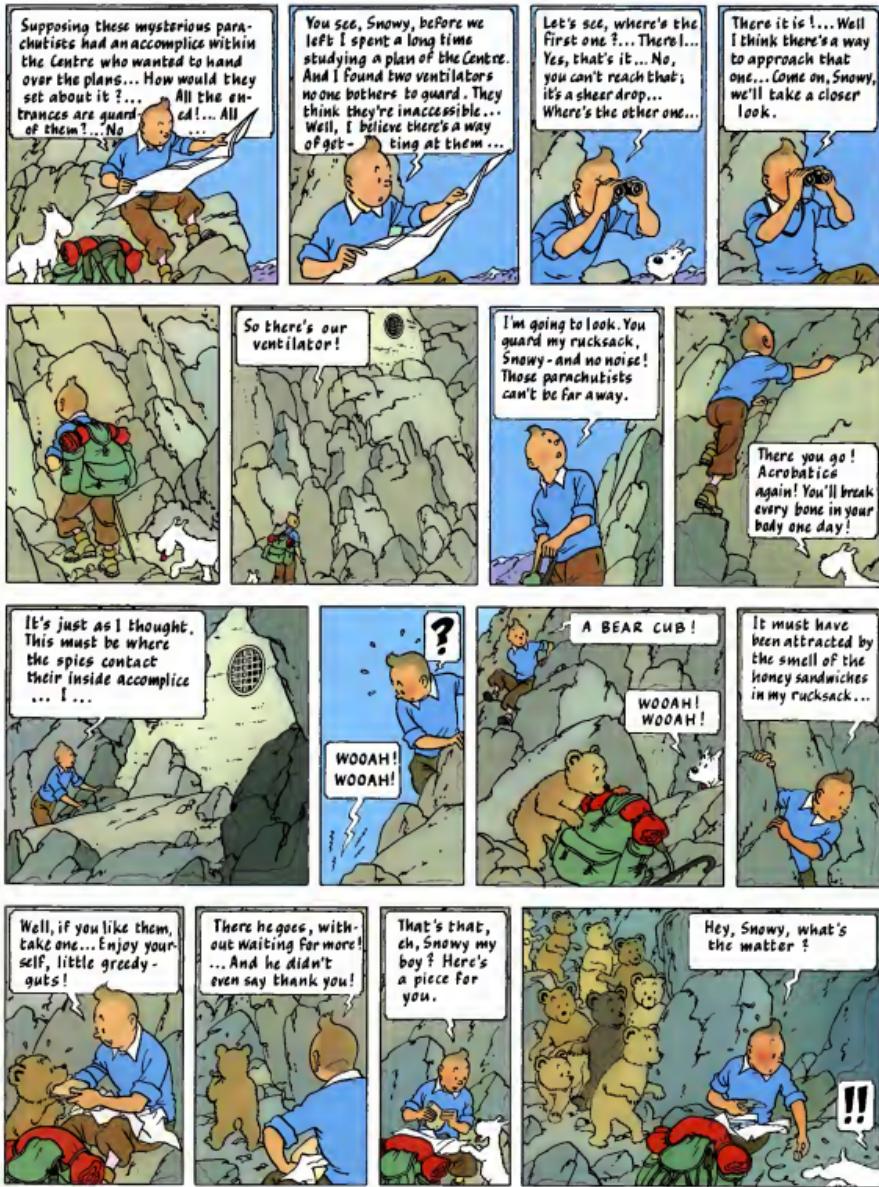


Humping a rucksack on your back, blistering your feet with heavy boots, clambering over piles of rock: that's called relaxation!



Aha!... From here there's an unrestricted view... so how to work!



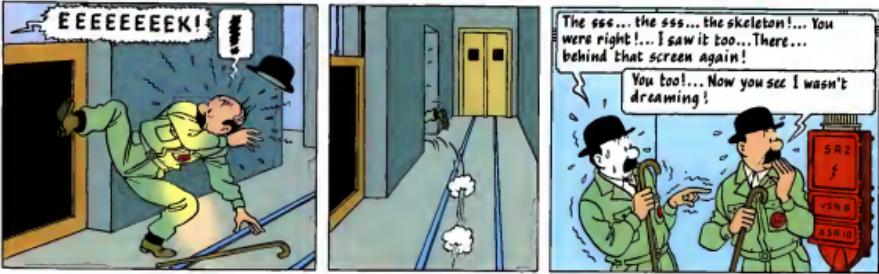
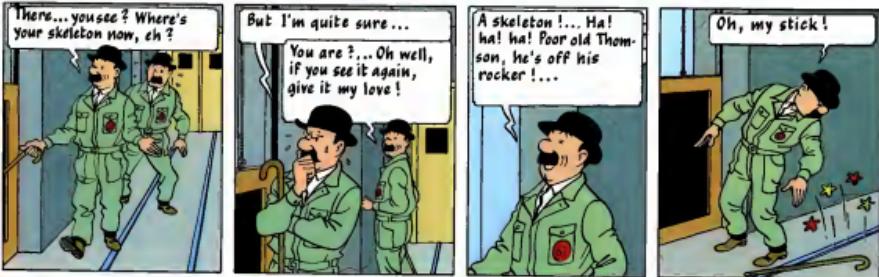
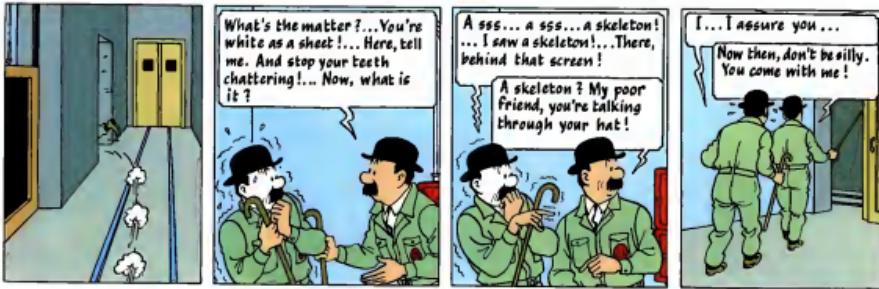


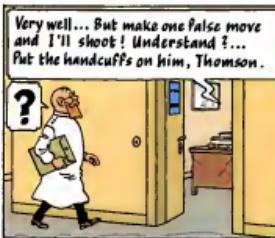




<sup>1</sup> See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold







### Meanwhile...

No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.

...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.

The gangsters!... The pirates!... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling - up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.



Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.



Finished!



Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.



Oh! I'm sorry!



All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!



At any rate, I'll be safe up here!



Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...



Clear the launching bay!



All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening ...



Hello! Observatory?... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready ...



Well, now we can only wait for zero hour... Another Twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, professor? It wasn't here last night!



Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!



It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.

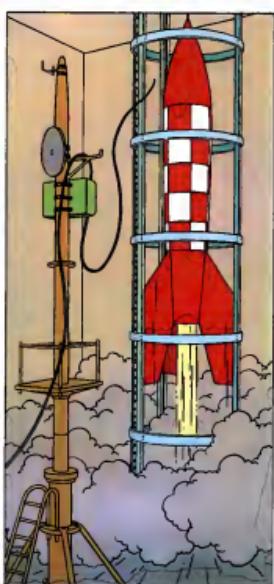
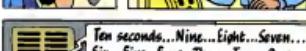
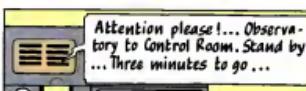


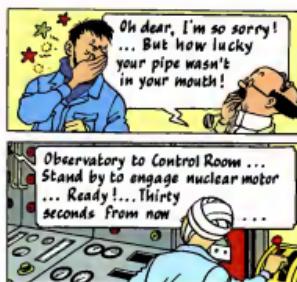
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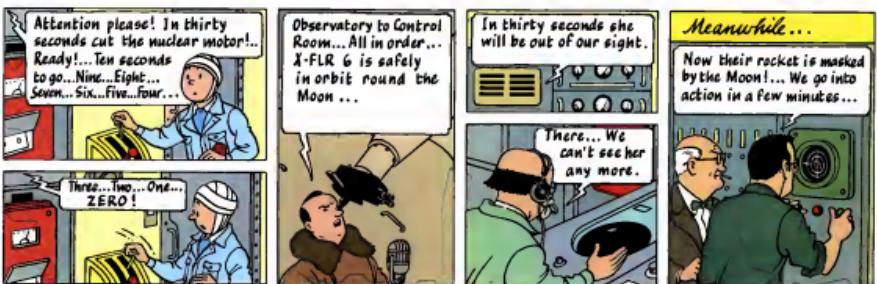


I'm not a child, am I? ... Anyway, I...









Just imagine ! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen ! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff ! Thanks to us !

Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will reappear... Stand by to resume radio-control...



Observatory to Control Room... Stand by... Restart the nuclear motor in thirty seconds...

D'you think I could do it ?  
Of course.

Observatory to Control Room... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO !

NOW ! Careful ! Not so hard !



The wonders of modern science ! Just an ordinary lever, and click !... Hundreds of thousands of miles away an engine starts up !... It's fantast - tic !

Observatory to Control Room... Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight... Correction made.

Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

Three, two, seven, six... Correction made.

For heaven's sake make those corrections ! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving !

I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly !... I'm not deaf, am I ?

Is something wrong, Wolff ?  
The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...

Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time !

That's what I'm doing, confound it !

Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket ! Will you get back on your course ! You wait ! I'll get you !

I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control !

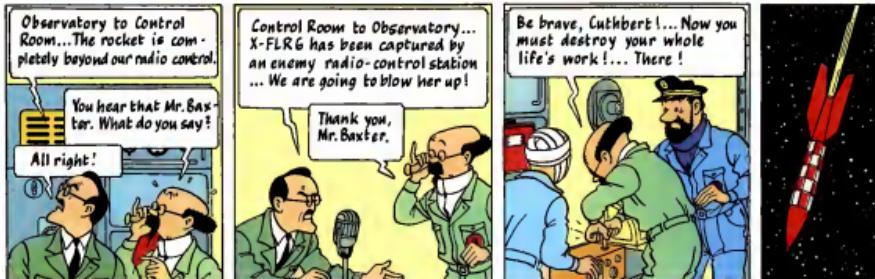
But surely that's impossible !

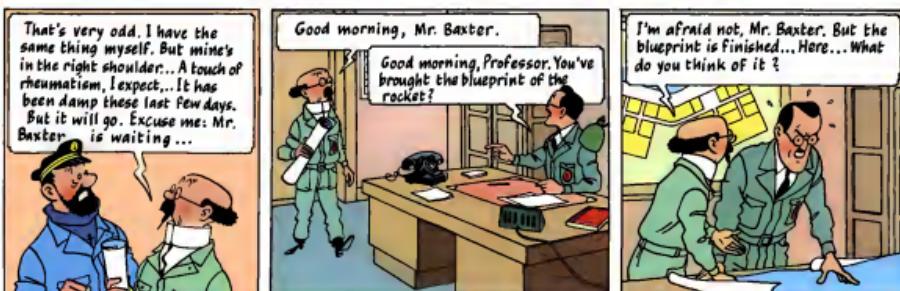
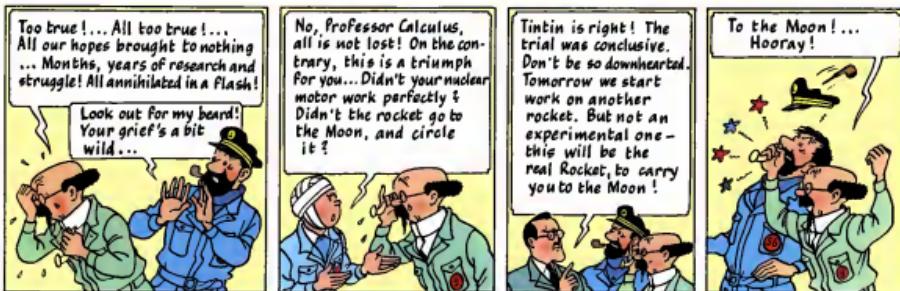
I've got it ! Tintin was right !... How lucky I listened to him !

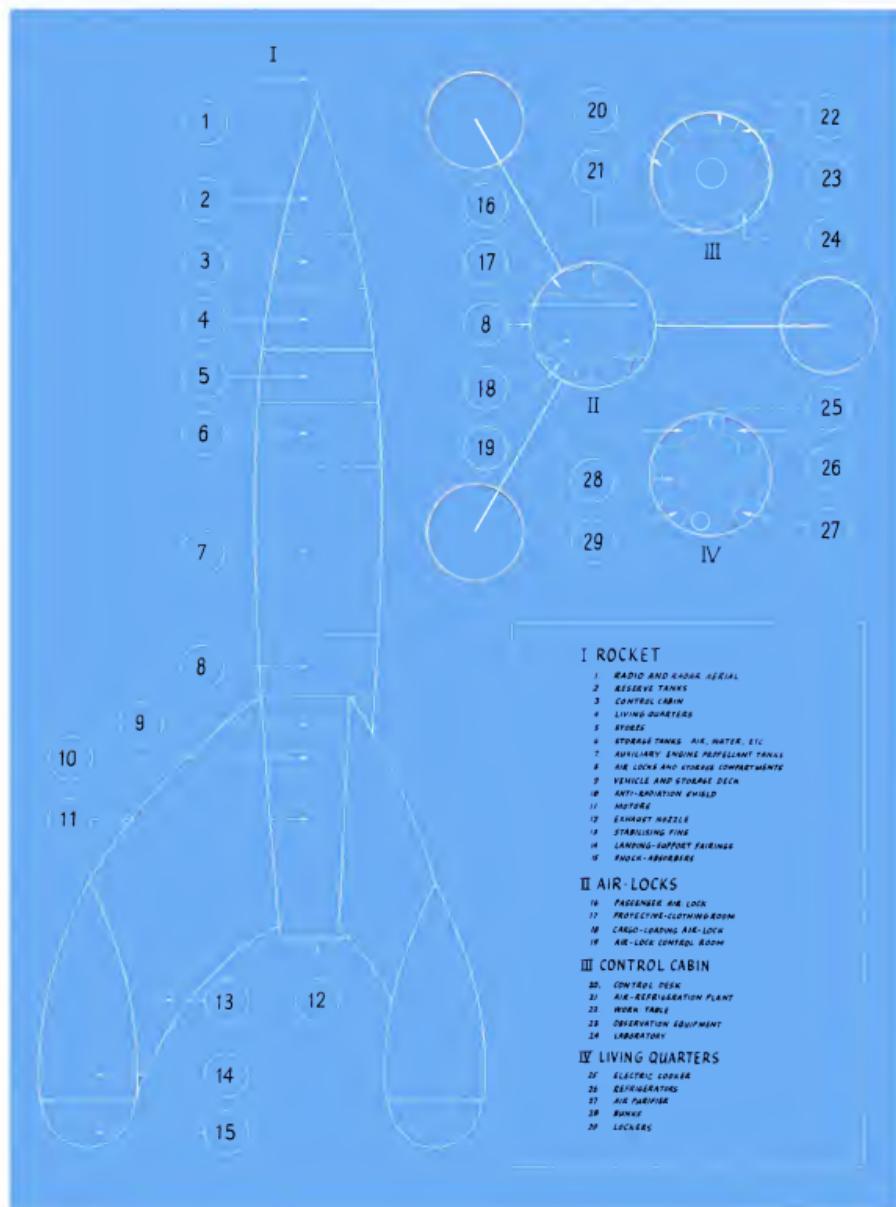
What do you mean ?

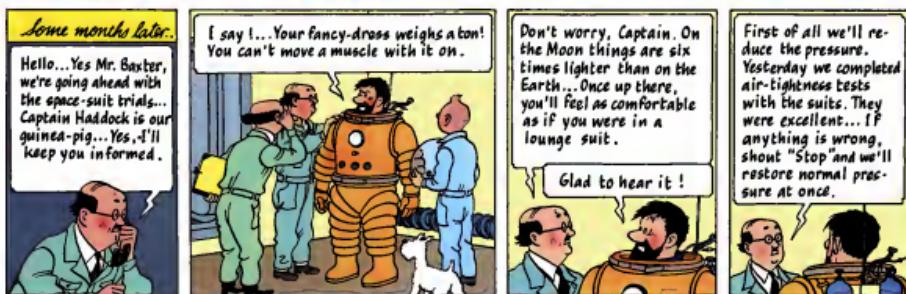
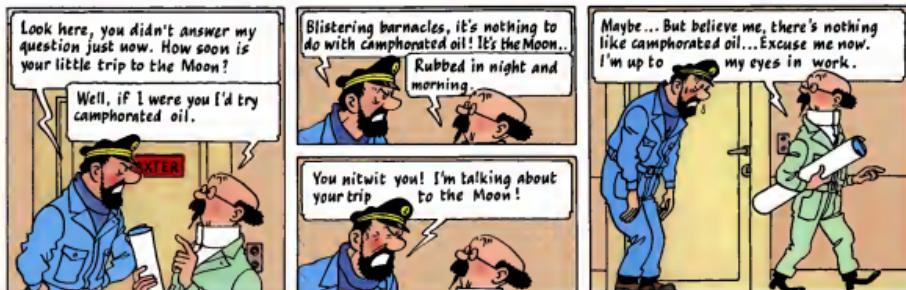
Hi, Professor ! Mind your headphones !

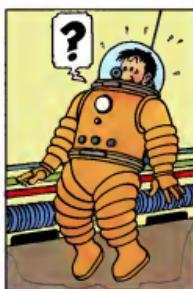
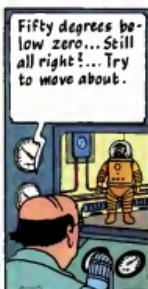
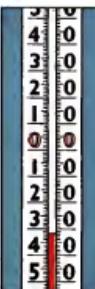
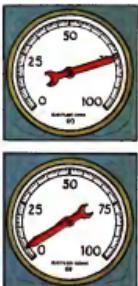


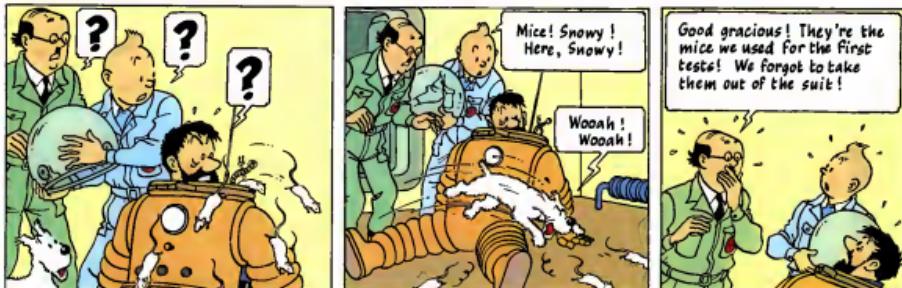


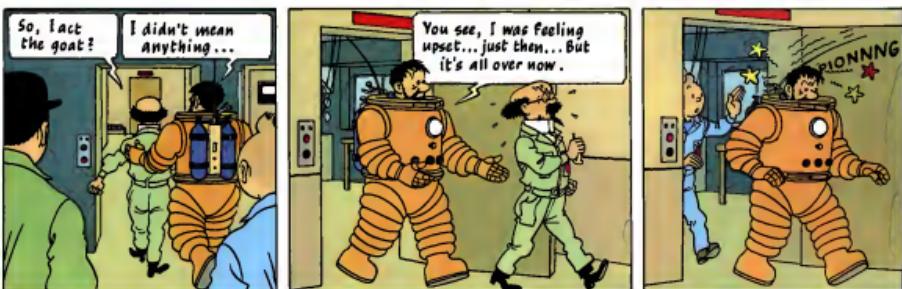


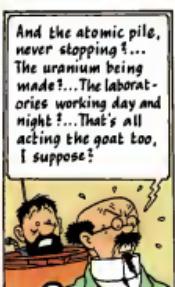
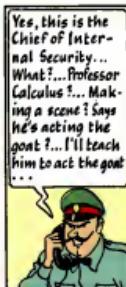
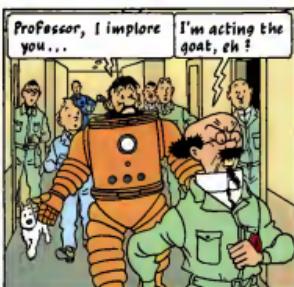
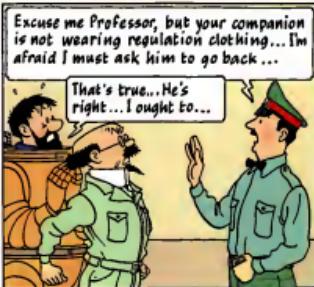


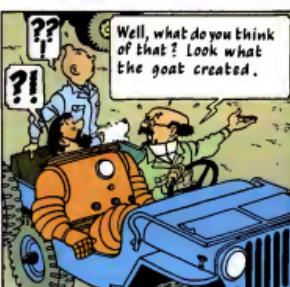


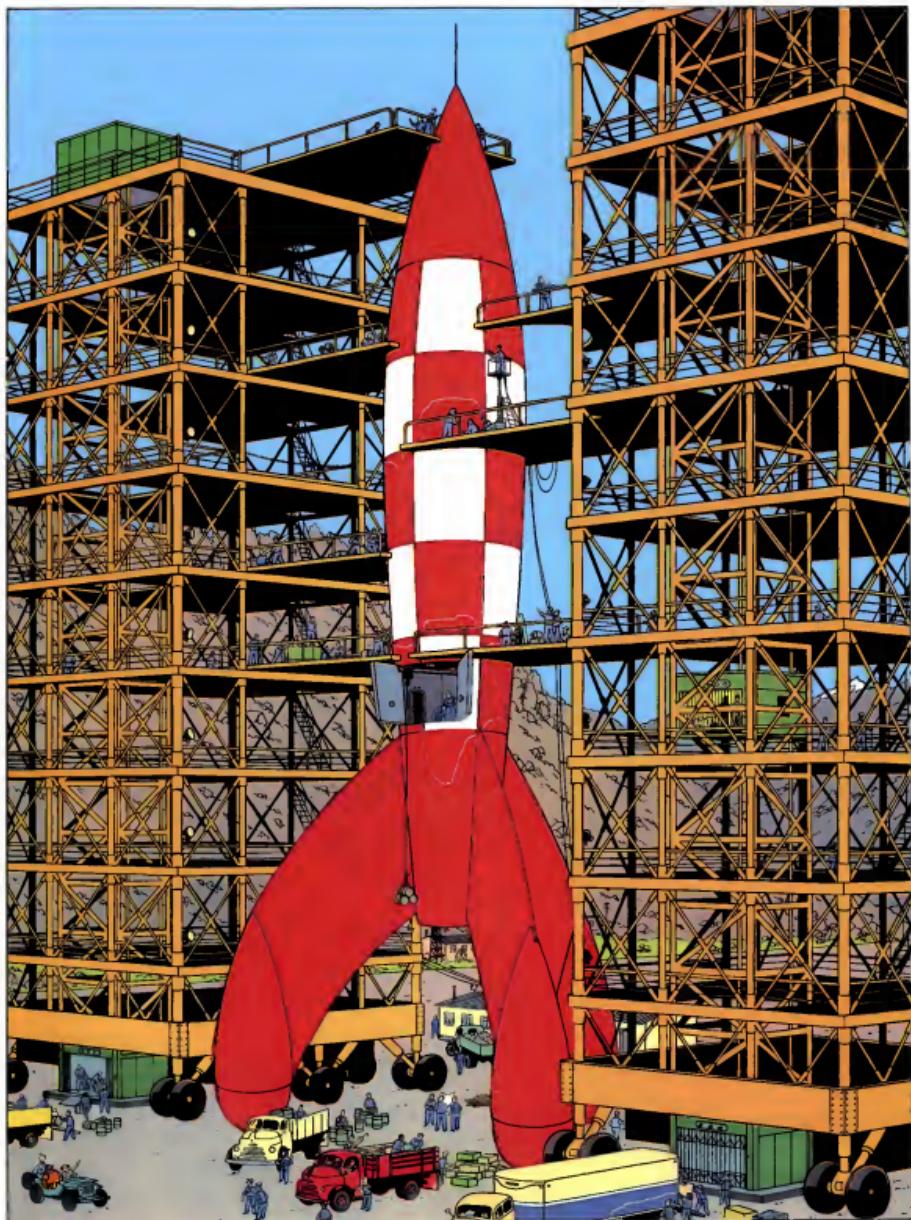


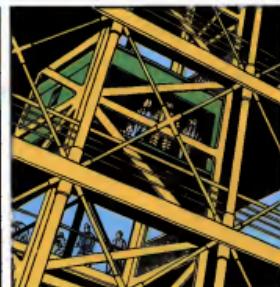
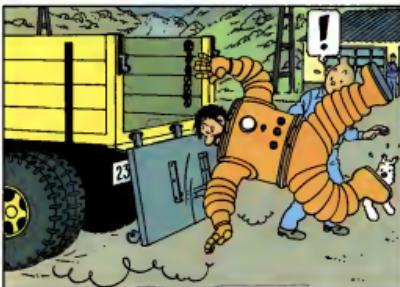
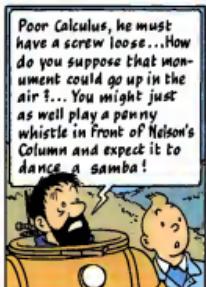
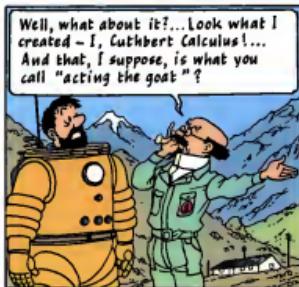


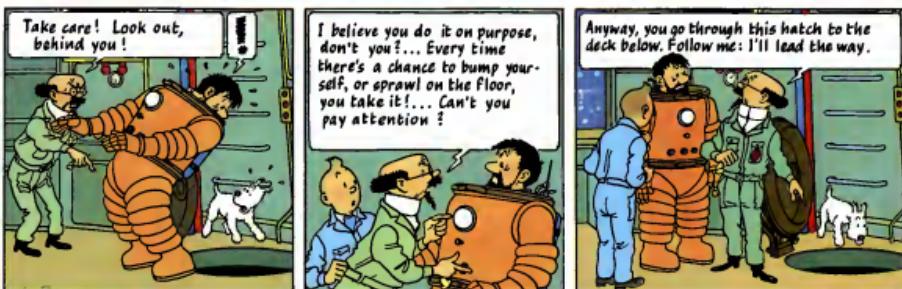
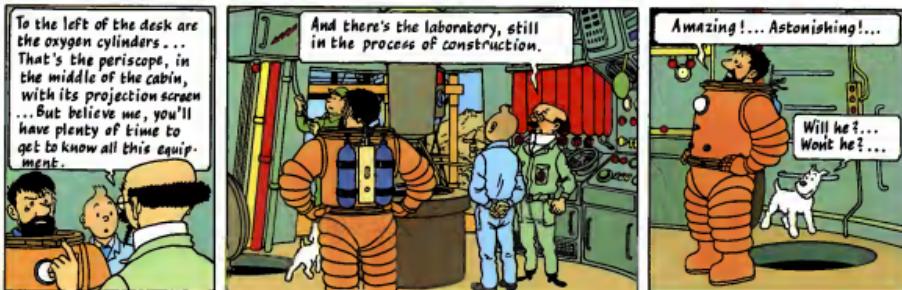


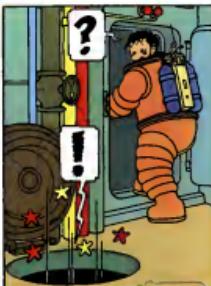
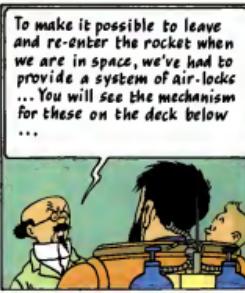
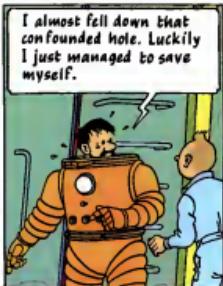


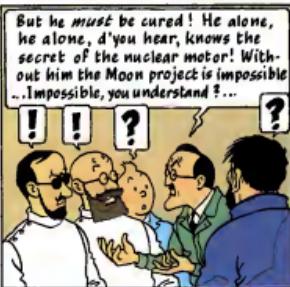
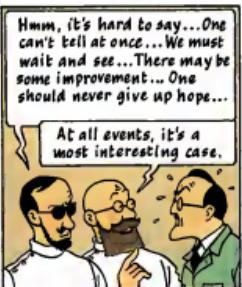
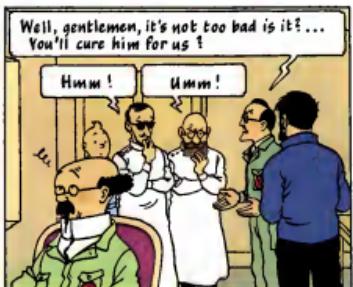
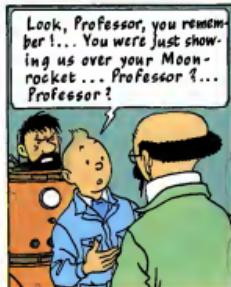
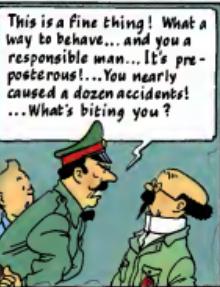












Hmm...yes...I see...Well, we'll do all we can...But try to amuse him yourselves, to arouse some memory... That sometimes works...It is also possible that a violent shock might bring back his memory.



Some days later...

Marlinspike...Marlinspike Hall...Our butler, Nestor ... Remember Marlin-spoke...The Captain ...



That's no good...Let me try...The doctor told us to amuse him... A fortnight ago we had that fancy-dress party at the Centre... You remember the guard on horse... Back... Well, you'll see...



Tarantaranaraa... Guards, prepare to attack!...



CHAAARGE!



CLIPPETYCLOP CLIPPETYCLOP



Nothing... Not a flicker!



Nothing at all!

We must try something else... A violent shock, perhaps?



Look here, Tintin. Let's try this... It's a trick camera I managed to borrow. That'll wake him up!



A pretty picture of our little Cuthbert?... Now then, smile please!... Watch the birdie!



PHHHHHHHHT!



Blistering barnacles, that's no use! He reacted about as much as a comb-stone!



We've simply got to wake him up... to get rid of this thundering amnesia... But how?

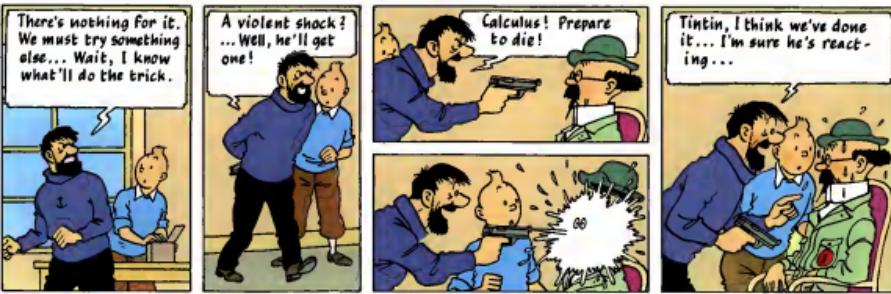


Amusing him did no good, nor did a shock... Still, this little snake going PHHHT wouldn't scare anybody.



?



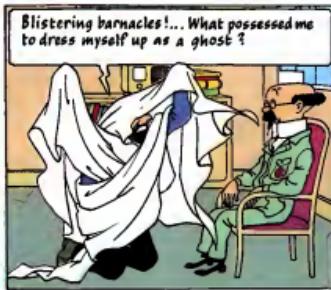


*The same evening...*

So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!

Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-o-oest!

Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your she-o-o-oos! I have come for your soul!



*A few minutes later...*

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you!... Thanks to you Calculus has recovered... This is splendid news!

Er... I didn't do much.

Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible... Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain!... Give me your hand!



*The same evening...*

Here's a signal from K.25, sir!

Oh, news from the Main Workshop? Let's hope it is better than last time.



"M.23.301... Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn... Reply: "M.23.301 received. Operation Ulysses will proceed according to plan."



*The days go by...*



... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, Wolff, are in charge of provisioning and equipment. How are you getting along?

The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.



Unfortunately the factory at Oberköchen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure... In that case I...

Excuse me one moment.



Hello... Yes... What? Inside the Security Area? ... Three?... You're questioning them?... All right. Keep me informed.



You heard that, gentlemen ? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Ztopholone, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story ...



You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.



But where were we ?... Oh yes... so on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...



And you, Professor ?



Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.



There we are... Nothing more except to test the radio ...



Who's this nice bone for, Snowy?



Golly, what a bone !



Wooh ! ... Wooh !



Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain ?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming ... Coming ...



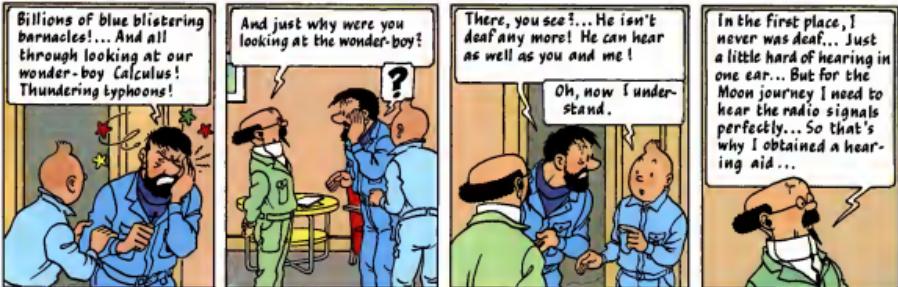
I say... Look at Calculus ... Doesn't anything strike you ?

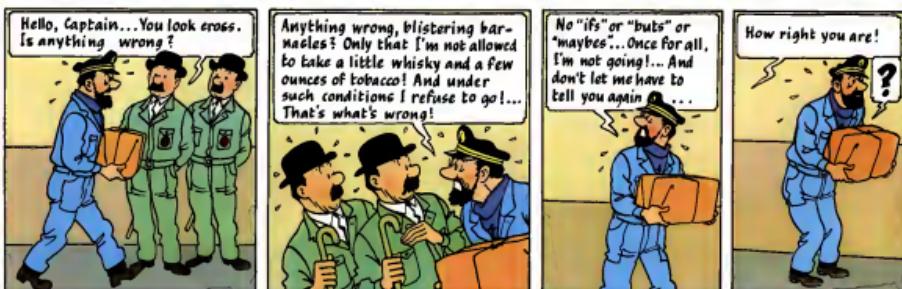
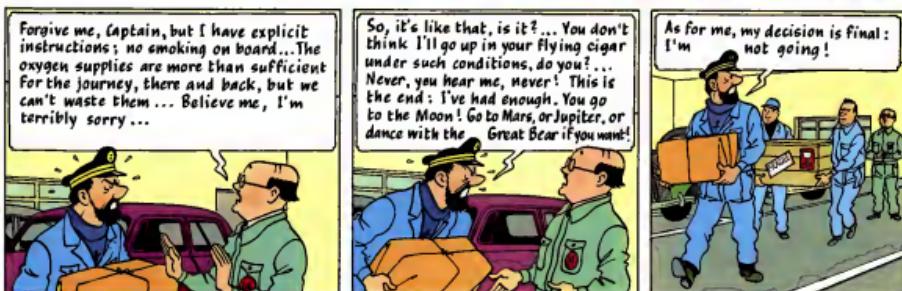
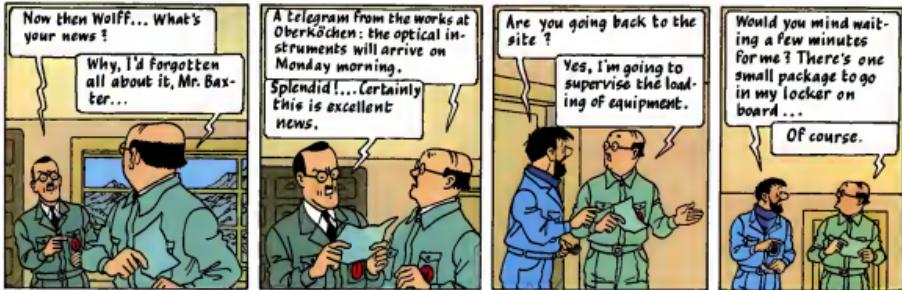
No... Not at first glance.

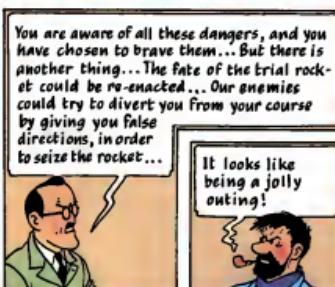
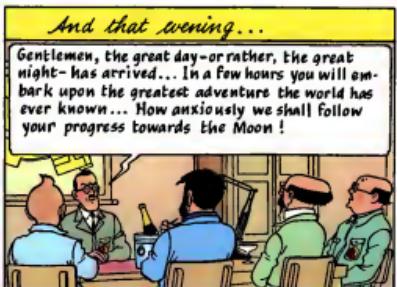
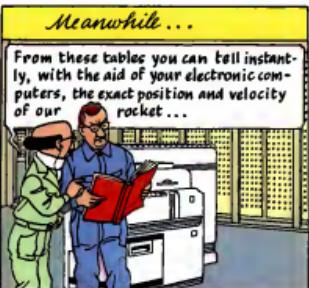
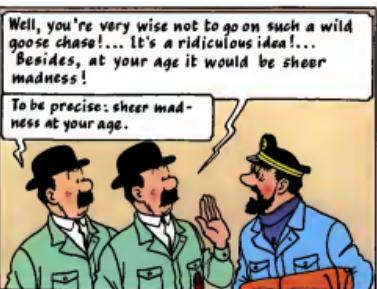


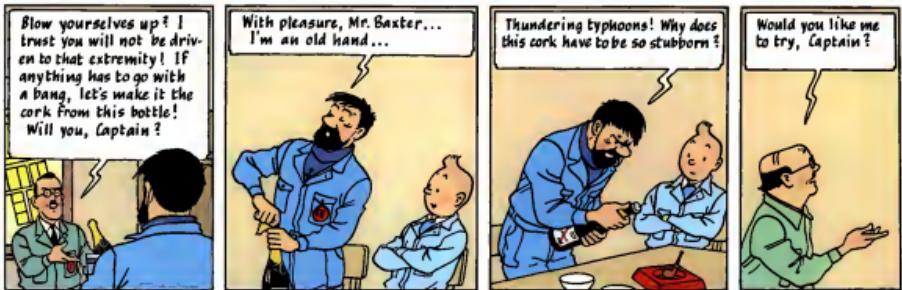
It does me ! ... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut !

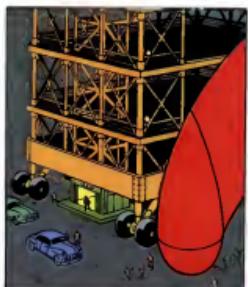
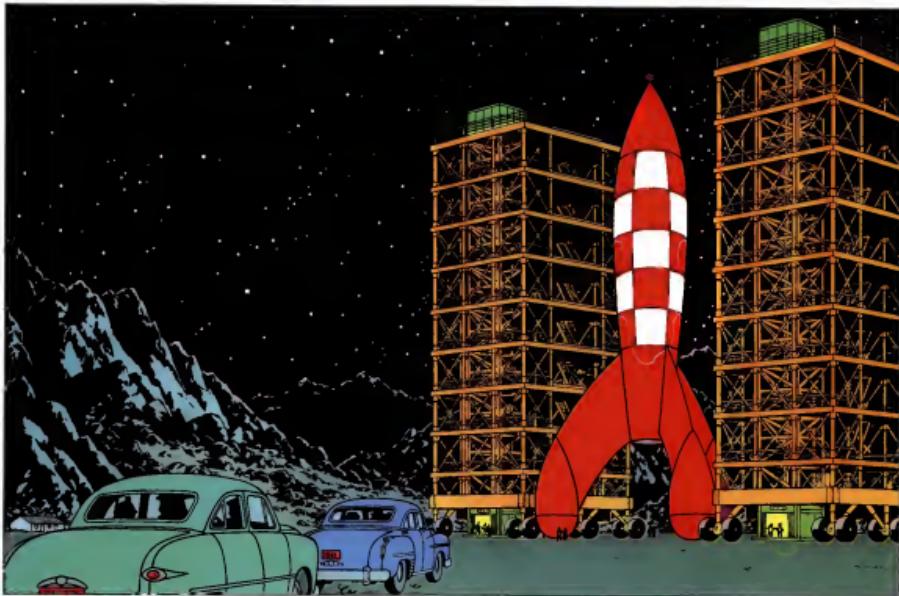
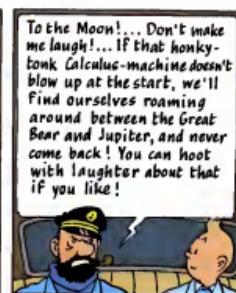












Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.

Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!

Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you ...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really meant it, I'd be happy to give up my place ...

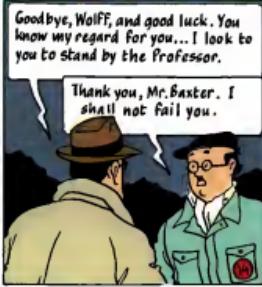
Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!

Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear professor - your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Farewell, Earth!

SLAM

The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!

Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



...that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible—even probable—that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but...



During this first phase of the ascent—I don't know how long it will last—the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.



Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.



Moon-Rocket calling Earth...  
Moon-Rocket calling Earth...  
Are you receiving me?



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



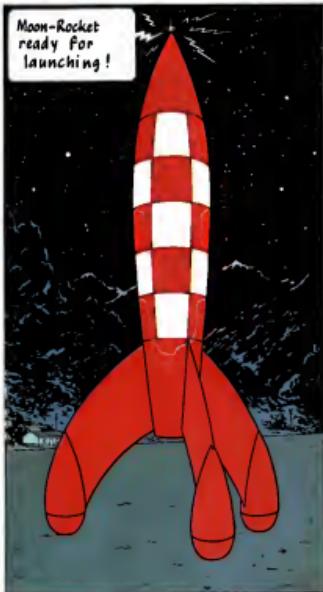
Earth to Moon-Rocket...  
Gantries removed... We  
are clearing the launching  
site...

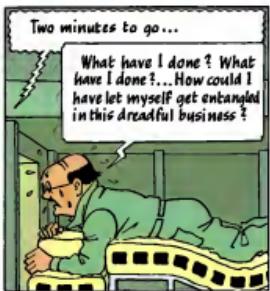
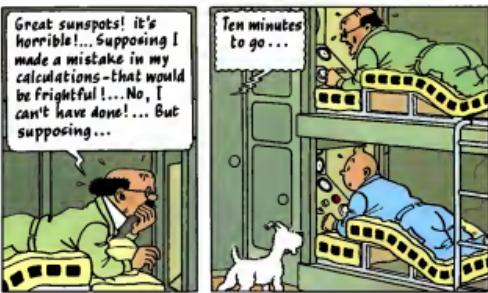


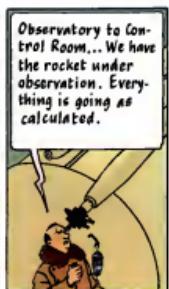
Attention please: clear the  
launching site!... I repeat:  
clear the launching site!



Earth to Moon-Rocket...  
The site is clear... Twenty-  
eight minutes to go... Are  
you ready?...









Earth calling Moon-Rocket  
... Are you receiving me ?  
... Are you receiving  
me ? ...



Observatory to Control Room... The rocket's altitude is now 1000 miles. Have you succeeded in establishing radio contact yet ? Please report ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me? ... Earth calling Moon-Rocket ...

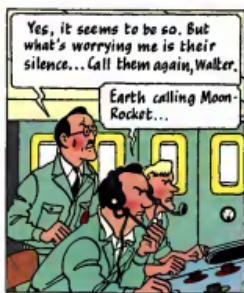


Control Room to Observatory... The Moon-Rocket is not answering.

Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me ? ... Earth calling...



By Lucifer! Surely nothing can have gone wrong ?



What dangers await  
Tintin and his friends  
on the Moon?



What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

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